ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. | **Philadelphia, June 8, 1839.** | **Whole No. 932.**

HISTORICAL OUTLINES.

GUIDO BASSETTI.

Call back the gorgeous past!

Lo, England wins control for a holyday!
While, choral to the Clarion's knaghy blast,
Full-plumed on chout along the Virgin's way,
At through the screaming crests rolls on the long array;
Mary is dead!—Jock from your fire-worn homes,
Exulting mirrors!—on the morrow shall rest
Truth's veil at last! the avenging Lothario comes
And clasps you Rose ye did so for to her breast!
With her, the flower of all the land,
The high-born Queen, the rich, the beautiful,
And, ever nearest of the band,
With waterfall eye and ready hand,
Young Bessie Bolton the lady of pride!
Ah, ev'n in that exulting hour,
Love hall allures the soul from power;—
And Mathew, hall supposed, betray
The women's honour to the prey!
Like blooms which in the early May
Red forth beneath a sunspun ray,
And empty all their wealth of sweets,
While mocks the presence of all worship, paid
Lest to the monarch idea the maid,
Meliodious on the ear!

Fall back the gorgeous Past!
The lists are set; the trumpet's sound,
Which thrills the wondering throng—should it astound;
And scarcely on the glittering ground
The cold corse lies!
Forward—The regnal word is given—
Beneath the shock the greatest and shakes—
The lusty clans, the plumed coast—
The same plume's falling flakes—
The fiery pay of pride!
Then, then, from out a chancelled heaven
Of waves in eddying tumult driven
A storme smite a rose,
Like the glittering of golden hair,
The meadows and the lilies;
What is the water of the day
Beneath the sable, and golden hair,
And manhood glorious in its midst of May;
Then who upon the shield of regret, rests
The field divine. "The Lothrian is the Fairest!"
As sending glow by meadow crest,
The words fall on the ear!
Accords the old Provencal crown
Which blends her own with thy renown;—
Arvalan Bolton! thou art the Muse,
Flower of fair chivalry, whose bloom was led
With dimmest Cassidy's most silver dawn,
And how soon may have withered where shed—
Here, what, the Ascosian mustered dream'd, to be
Time's haughty Eve rais'd from each with then!

Let tack the gorgeous Past!
Alone, amid the glittering of the train,
Rolls on the scornful river,—
Near hearts now high on Liberty's plan,
Our Marathon for ever!

Ye hear it above, but on the mine
Ye cannot hear it, for the roar
Is from the cloud the day-god smote,
Or bursting below that splendor glow'd—
Ye hear the land, it mean earth to heaven,
As, through the rocks sounder riven.

The Warrior-women rode!
Hark, glorified, the second line
The martials scenes ring,
Of those the woman's form—yet mine,
Ye hear the Lothian Lady!
Woe to the Island and the Maid!
The Pope has preach'd the New Crusade,
He's engaged south of the fiery sea!—
The monks are merry in Castile;
Hold Parma on the day!
And through the deep snarling sweep
The Thunder-Steeds of Spain.

Sierra Drake is grasping now to prove!
Is flames have caught the giant still!
Sierra Drake is grasping now to prove!
Lord and Sir Knight, and Gentlemen now!
Look in the Battle and the Wood—
Ye go before and Storm behind—
Ye shrieks are mingled with the hurtling roar
Of Ordnance' rugged strands, and Elm's rubbish shore.

Joy to the Island and the Maid!
Hope flames wept the Last Crusade,
His main consort'd before her,—
The Monks are bitterly confounded now!
Your Monument the Mass,
The glaive and gem record your tale,
Ye Leader-Steeds of Spain!

The Soldier's Return.

It would appear that nothing but the heart's ingress of some one object of love and hope could confer on middle age—enables us to calculate the might of a sad flow of our spring-tide of life, or analyze the blends and sunshine of "the April climate of our years." How little do the young appreciate the value of their youth!—that brief season of vivid enjoyment when mind and heart and body are alike healthy—alike untouched by the corruptions of contact with the world—when every sense is a new delight,—the bosom swells with its own emotions,—when the love of God, and of his creatures, is the spring of every action!—when the scorn of the scorner has not blighted, nor the sneer of the sceptic withered or turned into our soul. Rumors of wrong, and evil, and misery, are heard, but we regard it lessen that finds no echo in our experience. Nay, we reveal in them a luxury of sympathy. Whether we look forth and laid those shadows imparted to the sanguinary landscape of life by the bustle of ambition, and the still sadder frigid beauty of a ruined woman, as only intended to set forth with brighter colors the glow of our prospects and prosperity sparkling at intervals upon its surface. I began to see more keenly the sorrows of others, and to feel more profoundly the sympathies of our own hearts for God; it is in our moments of sorrow that we are taught to look upward and to feel that our only refuge is there!

Thus, for the first time, a terrible sentence entered my mind—that I might be left an orphan—with no mother to bless me—and then, even then, I could not repress the thought.

Carolina Wyndham at seventeen was the beautiful creature in the world; the buoyant spirits that brightened the lustre of her beauty were the result of health, prosperity, and love. Her father had died so early in her own life that she remembered him only as a shadow; and her mother was a creature of emotion; was consoled for the loss of her husband by the fondness of her child's singular loveliness and promise. Carolina had, therefore as fair a chance of being spoiled, as any heiress's tenderness and tending usually afford to a human "angel" with blue eyes, golden ringlets, and the form of a fairy in ten years old.

The case of a widow in easy circumstances is predestined, indeed to darlingdom. The same passionate tenderness that clings to the memory of the departed, and the sacred habitual beholding of the bud, the luxuriant bloom of the daughter, all tend to make the mother forget herself, and, therefore as fair a chance of being spoiled, as any heiress's tenderness and tending usually afford to a human "angel" with blue eyes, golden ringlets, and the form of a fairy in ten years old.

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THE SILK CULTURIST.

M. D'HOMERGUE'S SILK CULTURISTS' MANUAL.

From not having found a copy of this work on our table, we had to conclude that either the author, or the publishers, had no desire that we should notice it. Purporting to come to the aid of the Silk culture, to which cause we are warmly attached, we have endeavored to call to it the attention, and, if it deserved it, some commendation. In perusing its pages, however, we were not struck as favorably as we expected from the high claims of the author. M. D'Homergue came into this country somewhere about the year 1829, in consequence of an order formed by the *Society for promoting the Culture and Manufacture of Silk*, established in this city; to France, for an experienced individual in the *Culture*, the attention of the Company being, to establish a culture in this city, when cocoons could be made, for the instruction of citizens in that art. Mr. D'Homergue demanded $40,000 for his supervision and instruction in the reeling of Silk, but his pregnance not being approved of on such conditions, he contented himself to accept the Company, which, we believe was subsequently withdrawn. The subject of Silk was brought before the United States Congress, and M. D'Homergue was invited to make certain statements and conclusions for the sake of passing a law for the encouragement of the Silk culture. He looked with intense anxiety to this body for the gratuity he had expected from the before-mentioned Society, but in this he was fully disappointed. He had published, through the assistance of the venerable Mr. Duponceau, a series of Essays in the National Gazette, which were subsequently made up into a pamphlet, and placed in the hands of the Booksellers. When this book was issued we knew but little of the Silk culture. Any thing said on the subject, no matter how incoherent, went down with the public; the work, bearing a name so author sowing large pretensions. This work, however, was confused rhapsody of various ingredient. I did talk about *Silk*, the *Culture*, *cocons*, *Straw-ing*, and *other matters and things of like import*. But "*the trumpet gave an uncertain sound, and no one was thereby prepared for the battle.*" Those who were more intelligent on the subject thought that if the $40,000 had been pocketed, the public might have been disappointed of their just expectations, as many other persons were carried in his statements upon that part which was peculiarly his profession.

In the author's address to observers,—"I have made no display of useless learning; I have not wandered into the fields of history; my simple precepts are not accompanied by philosophical reflections; I have always kept in mind that I was speaking to *practical farmers*, and not to members of an Historical or Philosophical Society." Apart from the egotism and bombast of this sentence,—and it is a specimen of the whole book—we would ask for whose edification was such a sentence written? We say it to tell plain farmers that he condescended to accommodate himself to their capacities? Did he expect any one farmer who would do no more than *spell* his book, to believe that he was competent to do that which he said he *had not done*? They could not find the pages of his book, even, apart from his language or style. But had Mr. D'Homergue nothing to convey in this extract, or had he none? If he had, wherein does it consist? If he had not, why that address unmeaning words to a farmer? If he exercises the self-denial of omitting an embellishment to which he was fully competent in his work, we will give him a credit that we have never known to have been received by any man of his nation. It was not necessary that he should inform us he had not drawn on *Paris*. His work is a transcript of Count Dandolo and Tenelli, but he has not made even a judicious selection, as most that is objectionable in those authors are indiscriminately thrown into his, that the "farmers" might have a subject upon which to exercise their judgment. But in the next paragraph to that from which our quotation has been taken, he addresses his "*farmers*" thus:—"The third part of this book relates to the art of reeling the Silk from the cocoons, and preparing the rich material for exportation; for I must confess that I believe that this country is not yet ripe for the manufacture of Silk!" He proceeds to inform them that after eighty years experience, (about forty years longer than the subject was known in this country,) "Mr. D'Homergue, in 1829, found that the Silk he must have known that no attempt has ever been yet made to reel Silk for any but the domestic market, except in the case of an experiment to let our material be seen in other places, as a test of its qualities. On page 16 he says:

"The making of sewing Silk is no part of our business." This is exactly what we anticipated from a foreigner, who is not, and who openly professes himself not to be denationalized. He freely confesses he is unwilling to do or recommend any thing incompatible with the interests of France. But he thinks that the making of raw Silk would not be opposed to French interests, and thus far, therefore, he would go, because the wheel that, by doubling the cocoons, turns up, when the 40,000 dollars upon the acquisition of which he has so intently fixed his eye, may drop into his hand, and his hand. His business is, like an ambodexter, to persuade France that its interests are that we should make raw Silk, as he may sit at ease by its *prodigious establishment*; and to persuade the Americans *not to manufacture*, as they do not know how, and, as he pretends to say, can never learn.

The system recommended by Mr. D'Homergue, is one of large and extensive filatures. This is the reverse of every consideration which has a word of patriotism and nationality would suggest. But it is the only safe one to *prevent* the manufacture of Silk in our own country, because its density would be in few hands, and they could on ely be prepared to dispose of it, according to their own interests. The Silk culture will never be successful in this country in any other way than by *small filatures*—or rather by being reeled by the hands of the farmers and brought to market. It may suit the notions of Mr. D'H. to decry this system, and tell us that in "eighty years" more, they will not perform this operation with skill, but a few years for the sake of offering *premiums* for the most perfect reeling, will do the work. We have nothing to fear in such a case. Our profit is not only to will it, and the work will soon be done in a style equal to any thing of the kind in Lyons, Rome, or Palermo. We say nothing of our annual filatures over the country for instruction, but a *premium* will assure the energies, and panic of success of our ladies, and the competition will soon give us a triumph. The Pardonomy, it is admitted by Mr. D'Homergue, (and truth, that "a child by means of it, can, without the least *difficulty*, reel *admirably well*," an assertion which, we fear, will cut him from a large share of the 40,000 dollars. We are aware, however, that it will require more than a child's experience to prevent our cities from entering into the manufacturing, when Capitalists will procure the material in sufficient abundance for their patience will hardly allow them to wait for this annually desired event.

Silk Culture.—The Georgians are now trying silk culture in a way that ought to recommend it to every where. The Savannah Republican says:

We have on our table a piece of sewing silk, of various colors, manufactured in the State, from cocoons from a fair owner (Miss Bowen) of this county. They are, it is said, the product of the labor of a single family, and were reeled from eggs in twenty days, when the drought has not withered.

Intelligence, the raising of *it*, and little Negro-boys, for a lucrative business.

The Editor threatens to make a silk dress of the cocoonery, and others a free, reeled the silk, for paper for one year, for the benefit of the Society, silk, manufactured in the State.

How the Mulberry grows.—Mr. Thomas Florence (Geo.) Mirror of the 11th says:

A leaf of the Morus Multicaulis, measured 15 inches in length and 12 in breadth, was exhibited to us a few days since, by Mr. Brown, Esq. which was produced on his farm in this county. Such, planted this season, will produce a crop of leaves next year sufficient to feed a million worms.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Editor—In the practicability of the silk culture in this country has resolved itself into a matter of inconsiderable certainty, despite the timidity of some, and the denunciations of others, any information elicited from practical facts, or either of its collateral stages must be interesting to those engaged in its cultivation as well as beneficial to the general interests of the community. I am induced to this from the information of those of your readers, who may be engaged in this branch of domestic industry, my experience in the propagation of certain specimens of the three useful variety, under my supervision for the past month.

On the 20th of April I exposed the eggs to a temperature of about sixty-seven degrees, which caused them to commence hatching on the 5th of May, and by the 9th of the month they had all, about 150,000 made their appearance. The next step was to collect the worms from the eggs, which was done by laying the paper to which the eggs were attached upon a flat table, first placing leaves on the eggs, (say about four leaves to each square foot) the worms would immediately climb to them, they were completely covered, they were placed upon a piece of paper containing the cake of hatching, and so continued until the 6th day of June, when they were removed. I was particular in keeping each day's hatching separate, which enabled them to feed, moult and spin nearly without interruption

Epitome of the Times.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

Police Officer of Southwark.—The election for Police Officer of Southwark, that took place a few weeks since, it appears was not according to law, as there can be no election until a vacancy occurs. The time of service of the late incumbent expired on Saturday, and Mr. Anthony Tully, who was elected to supply his place, was called upon to perform the duties of the office until another election at a special meeting to be held this week.—*Evening Star.*

Accident.—On Sunday afternoon, a woman fell from the roof of a house in Strawberry street, which so much injured her, that but little hopes are entertained of her recovery. She was leaning on the railing, when it gave way.

An old lady in the country, hearing of the death of an acquaintance of her's, who resided in the city, said she guessed he must have died of Morus Multicaulis, as she had heard the *disease* was very prevalent there.

A large yellow terrier bull-dog, with the symptoms of hydrophobia stongly developed, was killed on Sunday afternoon, in the vicinity of Tenth and Walnut streets.

An Impudent Thief.—We learn from Dr. M'Clintock, that on Friday morning, while his black boy was engaged in scrubbing the pavement of his house, No. 107 North Fifth street, a person came up and made enquiry for him, and was directed into the office. Before, however, he could make it convenient to come into the office, and in the absence of the boy, who found it necessary to go a short distance for water, the stranger decamped, carrying with him a coat with its contents, consisting of papers, lancet, &c. the property of the Dr. We are requested to say, should this paragraph come under the observation of the knave, that he can retain the coat—if he will place the book, papers, &c. in such a place as will enable the Dr. to obtain them.—*Herald.*

There were seventy-nine interments within the city and liberties during the last week, including twenty-seven children under one year of age.

There have been three hundred and one dogs killed during the month of May, in the city proper. The suburbs and districts have made no returns. This great havoc among the dogs is attributed by some to the energy and efficiency of the police under Mayor Roach, while others say it is a natural consequence of the scarcity of beef.—*Times.*

The amount of rain which fell at the Pennsylvania Hospital, during the last month, was 6.07 inches. Average temperature, 62 deg.

We learn that half of League Island, situated on the Delaware river, at the lower extremity of Broad street, was sold on Friday for $200,000.—The whole of this property cost four years ago [illegible]

Mutton versus Beef.—One [illegible] price of beef is that the far[illegible] grazing State of Vermont [illegible] altogether to sheep, of which [illegible] *million*, while cows, oxen, and [illegible] within a few years, greatly dim[illegible]

Progress of Temperance.—[illegible] one of the cradles of America[illegible] July 4th present a novel scene [illegible] is to be celebrated without spi[illegible] a number of gentlemen who [illegible] corporation the use of the hall [illegible]

American Genius Reward[ed] [illegible] Academy of Arts and Science[s] [illegible] the Rumford gold and silve[r] [illegible] Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, [illegible] of the *compound blow pipe.*

[illegible]

WESTERN.

A Terrible Storm swept ov[er] [illegible] the country adjacent on the [illegible] which a Mr. Searles and oth[ers] [illegible] killed by trees, which were s[illegible] gale.

Magic Changes in the W[est]. [illegible]

[illegible]

	ALMANAC.			
JUNE, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
8 Saturday,	4 27	7 21	10 13	
9 Sunday,	4 37	7 23	11 58	
10 Monday,	4 26	7 24	0 46	D. H. M.
11 Tuesday,	4 26	7 24	1 51	
12 Wednesday,	4 26	7 24	2 55	Last 4 6 26
13 Thursday,	4 25	7 25	3 56	New 11 9 41
14 Friday,	4 25	7 25	4 51	First 18 5 0
15 Saturday,	4 25	7 25	5 42	Full 26 6 50

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Samuel Harker, to Miss Eliza Church.

By the same, on the same evening, Mr. Jacob Stratton, to Miss Ellen Buck, all of the N. Liberties.

On Wednesday evening, the 29th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, J. G. Repplier, to Miss Mary McCauley, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. in this city, by the Rev. Prof. J. H. Agnew, the Rev. John R. Agnew, of Venango co. Pa. to Miss Harriet J. Agnew, daughter of Samuel Agnew, M. D. of Philadelphia.

On the morning of the 4th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Beaton Smith, to Theodosia, daughter of the late Andrew Pettit, Esq. all of this city.

At New York, on Wednesday, 29th ult. Mr. John N. Stickney, of Union city, Michigan, to Miss Mary S. Hale, daughter of Mr. David Hale, of the Journal of Commerce.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 26th ult. Mr. Anthony Wenzell, to Miss Sophia Fraley.

By the same, on the 2d inst. Mr. William Carter Booth, to Miss Elizabeth Byram, both of Blockley township.

On Wednesday evening, 29th ult. by the Rev. Wm. S. Perkins, T. Newcomb, Esq. of Pleasant Valley, N. York, to Virginia Wille, of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sorin, Mr. Albert Ulmer, to Miss Leah Jane Johnson, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Moses McMahon, to Miss Hester Clemmants.

Also, Mr. Alexander McLannan, to Miss Mary Ann Stanley.

On Monday morning, 3d inst. by the Rev. H. J. Morton, John R. Bowers, to Martha C. daughter of Isaac Price, Esq.

On the evening of the 30th ult. by the Rev. Levi Scott, Mr. Samuel Fitey, to Miss Margaret Moore, all of this city.

At Marcus Hook, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. J. Walker, Thos. Mayberry, to Ruth Garrison, all of Delaware county.

By the same, on the 23d ult. David S. Wilbanks, to Rebecca Pierce, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 15th ult. in Mendon, Illinois, by the Rev. Wm. Kirby, Wm. H. McClymont, of Delaware, to Mary, daughter of George R. Crooks, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday evening, 4th inst. by the Rev. Jno. L. Grant, John Wiegand, to Sarah, daughter of Adam Eckfeldt, Esq.

On the 4th inst. at Friends' Meeting, on Sixth st. Thos. S. Kirkbride, M. D. to Ann W. daughter of Jos. R. Jenks, all of this city.

DEATHS.

[illegible]

On Monday morning, 3d inst. at 4 o'clock, after a protracted illness, in the 77th year of his age, Thos. Amie, paper manufacturer.

On the 30th ult. in the 81st year of her age, Sarah, wife of Thomas Garrett, of Upper Darby, Delaware county.

On third day, the 4th inst. Rebecca, wife of Philip Garrett.

At Bristol, on the 1st inst. Elizabeth, wife of Chas. W. Pierce.

On the 1st inst. after a long and protracted illness, Mrs. Hannah Charnock, formerly of Boston, aged 60 years.

In New York, on Wednesday morning, after a short illness, Wm. Brooks, a native Flathead Indian, aged about 20 years. The deceased, with the Rev. Jason Lee, has travelled through a considerable portion of the Eastern States.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Caspar Nicholas.

Reported for the Evening Post and News.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			price sold for.	par.
307	shares	United States Bank,	118½a120	100
304	do.	Girard Bank,	49¾a50	50
67	do.	Mechanics Bank,	44a44½	35
151	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	46a47½	50
62	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	58a59	50
9	do.	Western Bank,	51a51½	50
8	do.	Commercial Bank,	60½a61	50
10	do.	Kensington Bank,	56	50
100	do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	81	100
55	do.	Kentucky Bank,	88½a90	100
40	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	96a97½	100
7	do.	Grand Gulf Bank,	75	100
3	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	95	100
13	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	81a81½	50
218	do.	N. O. Gas Bank,	18½a18¾	20
214	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	52½a51½	100
45	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	131½a132	100
5	do.	Phil. & Trenton R. R.	120	100
25	do.	Southern Loan,	24¾	25
138	do.	Girard Trust,	25	25
71	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	111a113	50
10	do.	U. States Insurance Co.	40	25

☞ Agents will please endorse their letters, and Post masters frank *in full.* To constitute a *frank,* it is necessary to write the name of the Post Master in full, and the word "free" also.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

May 31, received from		Thos. C. Worth,	8 00
W. S. Hunt,	2 00	B. C. S. McAllister,	5 00
S. B. Carpender,	1 00	Wm. Anderson, Esq.	2 00
Jesse C. Street, Esq.	5 00	S. U. Moore, Esq.	2 50
Wm. Wilson,	8 00	J. F. Cox,	2 00
Jas. Gordon, Esq.	6 00	O. Hughs, Esq.	2 00
C. D. Smith, Esq.	2 00	W. A. Hardison, esq.	13 00
D. Collings, Esq.	2 00	A. Bainbridge, Esq.	2 00
R. B. Brown,	2 00	W. H. Webb, Esq.	2 00
Albert Matthews,	2 00	Edw. Franklin,	3 00
J. Auxer,	2 00	W. W. Warner, Esq.	4 00
T. Ware, Esq.	4 00	Wm. Judson,	4 00
J. M. Robb, Esq.	5 00	Ansel A. Burr,	2 00
June 1.		per M. R. A.	
J. A. Douglass, Esq.	2 00	*June 4.*	
S. Crowell, Esq.	2 00	J. H. Morse,	1 00
Jas. Young,	1 00	S. M. Marshall,	2 00
Geo. Boggs, Esq.	20 00	J. M. Elicott, Esq.	2 00
A. H. Lacy,	2 00	Jas. Smith, Esq.	10 00
Geo. Cook,	5 00	Wm. Dunn,	2 00
J. C. Walker,	5 00	B. Mackall, Esq.	2 00
Geo. Eastham,	5 00	Jno. Aberdeen, esq.	10 00
Jas. Allen,	5 00	Geo. Boggs, Esq.	15 00
Thos. Fowler,	2 00	P. Wallham, Esq.	2 00
June 3.		*June 5.*	
P. N. Tabb, Esq.	107 43	J. J. Bew,	1 00
Robbins Kellogg, esq.	2 00	N. Eckis,	1 00
E. Edwards, Esq.	2 00	L. M. Alverson, Esq.	1 00
Orton Williams, esq.	4 00	H. Boardman, Esq.	2 00
P. H. Hillyer, Esq.	22 00	J. W. Root,	2 00
Wm. Bayliss, Esq.	3 00	J. E. Hollister, Esq.	6 00

CARD.

To Museums, Scientific Institutions, Naturalists, &c. &c.

WILL be offered, at public sale, on Wednesday, June 19th, 1839, the entire collection of Curiosities, known as the American Museum, consisting of a rare collection of NATIVE and FOREIGN BIRDS neatly arranged in handsome portable cases. Quadrupeds in variety; shells, minerals, a superior collection of insects, Indian, Chinese, and other curiosities. A complete set of Cosmorama, containing large and very interesting views, executed by an European Artist, from original drawings. The whole will be sold in small lots, affording to all opportunities of making purchases. At the same time and place will be sold the contents of the Exhibition Room, containing new Drop Curtains, by eminent artists; a Dioramic Scene, and the celebrated Panorama of the Conflagration of Moscow, complete, and ready for exhibition.

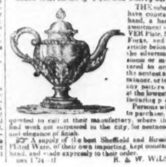
Also, glass wall cases, bird skins, a superior toned CHINESE GONG, a pentegraph for drawing profiles.

A Fancy GLASS BLOWING TABLE Apparatus, with a quantity of glass, with every other thing appertaining to a Museum.

Catalogues will be ready in a few days, which will be forwarded to applicants from abroad, upon Post Paid application to the Proprietor. je 8—2t

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY,

South-West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.



THE subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufacturing prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '34—tf R. & W. WILSON.

Just Published,

THE CASKET

AND

PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

Embellished with a superior Steel Engraving, representing the SURF AT MADRAS.

CONTENTS.

Madras, illustrating a splendid engraving on Steel. Battle Song of the Invaded; The Love of Fame; Woman's Sufferings; The Bridesmaid's Dream, by Mrs. [illegible]; [illegible] by [illegible], Esq. Lines for an Album; The [illegible] Sonnet, from the Polish of Adam Wickiewicz; English Smugglers; Harry [illegible] Song, by C. Wolfe; The Velvet Gown, a Tale of a Very Great Ball; The Invitation; Insurance and Assurance; The Parting, by William Motherwell; The Picture; Catharine of Lancaster, or the Tournament of Toledo; Farewell to Mary, by John Clare; Jack O'[illegible]'s bride; I'd be a Spirit; The Lily Hand; Lines; The Spot where I was Born (set to Music); Review of New Books.

THE JULY NUMBER.

The July number will begin a new volume, and will present a new type, a finer paper and a better page.—The literary contents will be much improved, but it does not become the editors to boast. They are proud however, to rank among their correspondents, several distinguished literary gentlemen, communications from several of whom are already on file. Among the pieces to appear in this number, is the first of a series of Sea-Sketches, entitled "Cruising in the Last War"—a humorous sketch by a new correspondent, Oliver Oldfellow, Yeoman—number one of "Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio"—and the continuation of "The Lily Hand," of our esteemed correspondent Lenox. We can likewise promise a beautiful piece of poetry from Miss C. H. Waterman, another from J. S. Du Solle, Esq. and a third from T. S. Arthur, Esq. The number will be enriched with a splendid *dot* engraving, executed on steel.

BACK NUMBERS.

Our subscribers must have patience. We are re-printing the back numbers of this year as fast as possible, and as soon as they are done they will be forwarded.

BYBERRY INSTITUTE.

IN this Seminary a number of boys, not exceeding twelve, can be accommodated as boarders, these with a small and limited number of day scholars will be diligently instructed by the subscriber, in the various branches of a liberal education, including the Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Classics, &c.

The different natural Sciences, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy are familiarly illustrated in a course of lectures delivered throughout most of the year, aided by appropriate apparatus, specimens, &c.

The locality from the salubrity and beauty of its situation and moral influence, is deemed a peculiarly desirable one.

The plan of government is mild and conciliatory, affording to pupils the social ease and familiar intercourse of the parental fireside.

The students are expected to attend Friends' meeting with their teacher.

For board and tuition, per quarter, twelve weeks, including washing, mending, lights, fuel, &c. $40 payable in advance. JOHN G. LEWIS.

Byberry, 5th mo. 21, 1839.

REFERENCES.

BYBERRY—James Thornton, N. Richardson, Joshua Gilbert, Samuel Kirk, Jesse James, Cyrus Pearce.

WILLOW GROVE—James Paul.

FRANKFORD—Dr. S. W. Pickering, Isaac Whitelock.

WEST CHESTER—Samuel Painter, Joshua Hoopes.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Abraham Alderdice.

NEW YORK—David G. Griscom. je 1—6t*

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

WRITTEN ON THANKING THE AUTHORESS FOR LINES WRITTEN ON HAVING IN COUNTRY COTTAGE.

BY A. SUSANNA STUDDY.

Hail mossy cot, serpent'rid seat,
Where wisdom holds her mild retreat,
Add contemplation's sweet delight
Hedges the peaceful shade around.

Along this russet bed recline'd,
Rob'st me here the murmuring wind,
And whilst I view the rustic art,
O whisper truth into my heart.

Minerva, come, celestial maid,
But not in noble heroine array'd,
With warning smiles my heart control,
With prowess pleasure fill my soul.

Teach me to tread life's devious way,
Nor found to vice nor falsehood's prey,
And teach me, goddess, to divide,
From folly's train from wisdom's pride.

To virtue oh! strengthen me
Those ills from which we cannot fly,
Be joyful to receive the boon,
Two love which means, which flee too soon.

Teach me with rapture to receive,
Teach me with rapture more to give,
Enough, enough, for now 'tis she,
Breathe through my soul divine and free.

Enough Minerva, I obey,
To you for Temple lead the way,
Where flows in all the stinck peak,
Thou chief delighest to seek.

Philadelphia, May 1st, 1829.

A gentleman recently lodged at a hotel somewhere in the Middle States, and on retiring to rest, found himself looking among a quantity of newly cleaned boots in search of his own.

"What kind of boots was your boots, sir?" inquired Billy.

"Quite new ones, have you seen them?"

"New ones! why let blow you sir, the new boots be all gone an hour ago."

FAT GOOSE!—At a breaking up of a dinner party, two of the company fell down stairs; the one who came to the first landing place, the other rolled to the bottom. It was observed, that the latter had drunk most drink. "Yes," replied a bystander, "and he's not so fat' goos as the gentleman that fell."

There is a rare customer in the city who, for several years, has been a regular patron of the different dining shops, and who never asks for any thing else than a dime alone or with friends, but "more of the same." The bar-keepers generally call him "more of the same." It is nothing more than a homely toddy.—*Picayune.*

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the voice says, is removed, but the spirit and moral sentiments of his example still remain; and the moral sentiments of the world will long show the traces of their vigor and purity; just as the waves say, after the sea has left, still bespeak the glowing traces of the departed sea.

THE FAIR.—We have not yet noticed the Ladies' Fair which took place in this city last week. As an excuse, they may perhaps be allowed to presume that an ordinary was not dining to us under so fair the service as an earlier hour.—*Nashville Union.*

WAITER! Bring me my eye-no-logue. Left my log and plate it on the sofa. Fan the waiter! I am unfitted for "service" by the dashing delicacy of the ladies at the bar. Eh! And waiter! Take away that Rainbow. It's dinner-ary.—*Nashville Banner.*

A VILLAGE CHURCH.—The following from the last Knickerbocker is Washington Irving's description of a village church. The picture is true to the life:—"As the domine graciously preached by the hour, a hooker of water was prudently planted on a bench near the door, as summer, with a tin cup beside it, for the refection of those who might be seduced from the fruit of the weather, or the drouth of the sermon. A decent old lady, pulled out her snuff-box, the consolation table, sat the elders of the church, trimmed, grim headed, leathern visaged men, who I regarded with awe, as so many apostles. They were wont to hear sagely, kept a vigilant eye upon the juggling companies and myself, and shook a rebuking finger at any boyish device to release the monotonous of compulsory devotion. Then, however, were all done efforts at gloom, discreetly laid on one side, or held forth for half an hour, in one of his interminable sermons, then it seemed as if the every soul of an Sleepy Hollow touched into the pace; not for me the congregation was now abroad in the churchyard elders leaned back in their pews, spreading their handkerchiefs over their faces, as a cloth to rest the flies; while the lasses in the neighboring trees would sing out their solos in summer concert, vieing with the sleep-provoking voice of the domine."

A GOOD HUSBAND.—A poor woman once upon a time had a daughter married. She thought she would also wed what kind of a husband her daughter had got, she replied, "Oh," I rather guess he's a tolerable sort of a body, for he's got a long tailed coat.

As there are some flowers which you should smell but lightly to extract all that is pleasant in them, and in which if you do otherwise, sense what is unpleasant or noxious, so there are some persons with whom a slight acquaintance is quite sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable; a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe.

There is something extremely touching, as well as an excellent moral, in the following anecdote. It is a true account, and was one of the earliest presents of the Savings of Paris.

A RISE FOR A HOE.—A visitor once went into a National school at Boston, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked and ran and her hand to return the blow. But her face altered and rage was working within, her clenched fist was poised at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said she, "you have much better use for your hand than to strike him."

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped, and her arm arose round her neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could not resist such a return for his conduct, and with tears in his eyes he kissed her. He resumed the pleasures he had given her with the return she had made, and the visitor called down his blessing. This affected the good man, who left her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. "I thought (if her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

Her mother then told the children always to return a kind for a kind; and they would never get any more blows. It soon end wounds, families and communities and nations would not run for ever. The world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. "Return wrong not but the sword shall know cannot, for other would we learn war any more."—*Yonth's Cabinet.*

HORRORS OF WAR.—We take the following account of the storming of Constantine from the Cornwall Service Journal. What a pretty picture we it!—"The carnage on the top of the rock were filled with the bodies of those who rolled from above; heaps were seen of the dead, the dying, the wounded, the mutilated. Men, women, and children lay in common death and mutually and in agonies; for all others were too occupied to assist them. The night of more who have been killed fighting, is one which does not require any revolting fact or picture to render it one to be remembered; but when women and children are included among the dead and the wounded, the fact and the case upon them in the state unmoved. In the town it was worse or a little worse when consternation had become. Entering a house whose passage was paved with the numerous bodies of the relatives defenders, we found a door which was locked; the soldiers burst in open, and found that it had been all further secured by the women with boxes and trunks placed against it. A woman had locked herself in with two children, one of them at the breast. She thought herself secure; but we found them all three killed, a shell having entered by the ceiling, and burst in the room. The mother and the living appeared to have been, when struck, at different extremities of the room. We found them at the opposite embracing each other with the grasp of death, and the stain of blood mingled with their clothes, and the mass of blood scattered over the floor was enough to turn any stomach, many declined to look."—*Carour.*

A SMALL PERMIT.—"I will give you my head," exclaimed a person to Monsieur, "if every word of the story I have related be not true."—"I accept your offer," said the Marquis of ——, with the most courageous the bond of friendship, and should never be refused."

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—The marriage party danced themselves—we mean the cork dancers—out of the water and on to the table, where the fun was so when about to undergo the ceremony of marriage, another extreme perhaps example. Here was will see a fine stalwart Irishgroom with wholesome whiskers, and standing at not one to his wife, stood in, pulled out by the cuff, and somewhat impertinent, and with the very last whom he is to suffer. The gentleman himself having apparently no voice in the matter.

A COLLOQUY ON PIGS.—"Friend," said a quaker to a man who was driving a drove of swine—"how dare you to use so large hogs in this drove?"—"Why," replied the drover, "they're all got big boars."—"How now you impudent fellow," said the quaker, "dare they're all of them long heads and sharp noses."—"That they are well fixed for any fate like acts of elephants, stumbling down over their cues?"—"Stumble every pig of you or that ere and no mistake t'heary! and you exactly."—"I rather think they will not eat one, friend, if they be such as thee describes. Thee may drive on."

The prosperous man has every thing to fear, and the poor man every thing to hope. To the former every chance increases loss, to the latter a prosperous benefit. The little fears the turning of the wheel who is already at the bottom.

Character of Franklin.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our time as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher was Franklin; who also stands alone as combining those two characters, the greatest that men can sustain, and in that, that having been the first part in changing society by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, for here he exercised no influence in founding one of the greatest empires on the world.

In this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes toward the composition of exalted merit. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his virtues to the first place in society which may be attained with the help only of noble sentiments, great application and good luck; but next to the latter, heights which a daring and happy genius only can reach; and this he accomplished not in the one period of his life had no occasion to shelter his head from the frowns of royalty, but to retain the new dominion of England, and lived to be the ambassador of a free people to the court of a king, and to the Court of the haughty Monarchs of France, who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune; and had passed through the ordeals of both. No ordinary appearance, no common power to charm, no ordinary degree of talent, independence and boldness in industry and temperance more than the Gods of old, could have enabled any to rank him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world. No partizan born to shine in the senate, no leader of the multitude, could ever boast his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less moved by the enjoyment of them, or more unwearied when exercising with royal representatives, or statesmen, of by a higher and nobler order of the most brilliant Court in Europe.

Again, he was self taught in all he knew.—His hours of study were snatched from those of sleep and of meals; of exercise by none unpropitious to health, and while the drift of his daily calling went on. Anxious to none of the helps which are still open to students or the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors by unbounded diligence, and of accommodations by unpetted perseal. Nay, the possession of books was to him a privilege, among what can be considered easily and so easily.

Lastly, combinations of faculties, in others deemed incompatible, were in him united and mixed in full. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also one of the most active men of action; the philosophical and noble consolations, were in him combined with the most distinguished success in the affairs of life. For a lowly lineage, he joined a learned and deep reference; but without wasting a moment beyond the necessary allowance of the most ordinary profession in every place; the social man, the companion, the citizen, and was conversant with the latest of human affairs, and of country and of the world. The observer, the calculator, though never lead to politics; studying as a favorite, nay, a process of leisure, when the power to involve Courts, the life which he had begun in gaiety and in wisdom